CONFEDERATE CLANS

They Revisit Their Beloved Capi-

tal Once More.

AN ARMY OF VETERANS.

Thousands and Thousands of Old Soldiers Here With Us.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Many Regiments from Many States to

Take Part in the Parade.

WELCOME TO ALL.

to Her Friends and Kinsmen

JOYOUS REUNIONS.

Former Comrades Meet and Embrace Like Brothers Long Parted.

BUSTLING CROWDS.

Streets and Public Conveyances Bright with Uniformed Men.

VALOR AND BEAUTY.

The Military Reception and Ball a Wonderful Success.

TO-DAY'S PRO3RAMME.

at 12 o'Clock M.

This to Be the Crowning Event and Most Memorable Scene.

Veterans' Banquet-Hall.

Cavalry Breakfast-Fireworks To-Night-Soldiers' Supper-Cadeta



## BARRON HOPE'S POEM

THE TRIBUTE OF VIRGINIA'S POET TO ROBERT E. LEE.

As Pology Delivered as It Were from the Tomb, as the Author was Dead When His Verses Were Rend.

Written by James Harron Hope, of Norfolk, the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the minument and, he having died before tag, read to the addience by Captain W. Jan McCace.

First of all Old England's outposts

the shallow fell wast and long, And her m gity wim'rat, English Smith, it als a profigious throng U as mighty man, from Kaleigh down, As ever arose in song.

Which has encent quiver bears,
And their sprendt sheaf has thickened
through the sout march of the years,
Which is great sheld has been burnishe
by her chadren's blood and tears.

We are it him names and blood.
And not have been the blossoms
From the first clouds but.
White her haves have blazed as meteors
By many a feed and flood. Ant a see a fleet tumultnous

who to every intende The Valler of His Country

Who shall blame the social order
where gave us me a segreat as these?
Who condown the soll of t forces
which brings forth rigadic trees?
Who presums to doubt that Provilence
Thapes out our destinue?

twins the famous men of old; he the dark mines deep were driven loven the shafts to reach the gold; and the story is far jouger. Than the histories have ever told.

From Baron down to Washington .

From the times of that stern ruler

The our own familiar days, long the path may we have trodden, lard and devious were its ways, the at last there eame the second Marking Revolution's blaze;

Who—again I ask the question—
Who may challenge in debate,
With any show of truthfulness. Our insurer social state
While hought forth more than horoes
in their lives supremely great.

Not Peter the wild crusader

whose ten wind crussater
whose best upon his befred knights
In the poets roog could be
More earnest than those southern men
Who followed Robert Lee.

They thought that they were right and this was hammered into those.
Who held that crest all dreeched in blood.
Where the "Bloody Angel" rose.
As for all cise? It passes by
As the idle wind that blows.

That you who came from uplands

Pence has come. God give His blossing
On the fact and on the name!
The South speaks no invective
And she writes no word of blame.
But we call all men to writeess
That we stand up without shame!

Navi Send it forth to all the world That we stand up here with pride. With leve for our living comrades. And with praise for these who died: And to this manly frame of mind Till death we will abide.

God and our conscience alone
Give us measures of right and wrong.
The race may fall unto the swift
And the battle to the strong;
But the truth will shine in history
And blessom into song.

Human grief full oft by glory

And hence to-day, my countrymen, We come with undimmed eyes.
In homage of the hero i.ee.
The good, the great, the wise!
And at his name our hearts will leap
Till his last old soldier dies.

Ask me, if so you please, to paint Stormwinds upon the sea;
Tell me to weigh great Cheops—Set volcanic forces free;
But held me not, my Countrymen,
To picture Kobert Lee!

As Saul, bound for Damascus fair,
Was struck blind by sudden light,
So my eyes are pained and dezzled
By a radiance pure and white
Shot bace by the burnished armor
of that glory-beited Knight.

Baronial were his acres where Poteman's waters run; High his lineage, and his blazen was by canning becalds done; But better sill he might have said Of his "worke" he was the "son."

Truth walked beside him slways

Great in action and repose; Saw how his genius kindled And his mighty spiritrose When the four quarters of the globe Encompassed him with foce.

But he and his grew braver
As the danger grew more rife,
Avarietous they of glory
But most prodigal of tife,
And the "Army of Virginia"
Was the Atlas of the strife.

As his troubles gathered round him. Thick so waves that beat the shore ATRA CURA role behind him,
Famine's shadow filled his door;
Still be wrought deeds no mortal men
Had ever wrought before.

Then came the end, my countrymen,
The last thundercoits were huried!
Worn out by his own victories
His battle-flags were furled,
And a history was finished
That has changed the modera world.

As some saint in the areas
Of a bloody Koman game.
As the price of his endeavor
Put on an immortal frame,
Through long agonies our soldier
Won the crows of martial fame.

But there came a greater glory
To that man supremely grand
(When his just sword he laid aside
In peace to serve his State).
For in his classic solitude
He rose up and mastered Fate.

He triumphed and he did not die l-No funeral bells are tolled l-But on that day in Lexington Fame came herself to hold His stirrup while he mounted To ride down the streets of gold.

He is not dead! There is no death!
He only went before.
His journey on when Christ the Lord
Wide open held the door,
And a cnim celestal peace is his,
Thank God, forevermore.

When the emgy of Washington
In its bronze was reared on high
Twas mine, with others, now long gone,
Beneath a stormy sky,
To utter to the multitude
His name that cannot die,

Shail light up stately history And blaze in Epic Rivyme! Both patriots, both Virginians true, Both "Rebeis," both sublime. Our past is full of glory,

It is a shut-in sea,
The Fultars overlooking it
Are Washington and Lee—
And a future spreads before us,
Not unworthy of the tree,

t pon this sacred sod.
Let us feel: It was "Our Father"
Who above us held the rod,
And from hills to sea
Like Robert Lee
Bow reverently to God.

Robert E. Lee.

[Written for the Dispatch on the unveiling of the Lee monument May 25, 1890.]

He loved the battle as the petrel sands
And rocks and eccan's stormy waste; then come In peace and let us hear the morning drum In long receile; let the stirring bands
Time to the martial tramp; with tender hands
Unifur that conner, torn by shot and bomb;
Let the great cannon open lips lone dumb
And laud a greatness that was more than man's!
Long as thy mountains rise, thy rivers pour
Their mighty floods down to the voiceful sea;
Long as that sea shall mean upon thy shore,
Or thou, Virginia, shall remembered be—
Until the trave ravere the brave no more—
With Washington's chall live the name of Lee!
EENRY JEROMS STOCKARD.

[Written for the Dispatch.]

Robert E. Lee. BY JASPER BISHOP, OF WILMINGTON, N. C.

'Twas in dear old Virginia
He first breashed the breath of life;
'Twas Virginia he defended
To the ending of the strife;
In Virginia we calmly laid
His body in the tomb;
And to unveil his noble statue
In Virginia now we come.

Throngs this maintude of souls.
Father, mother, son, and daughter
Swells the tide that I oward rolls.
Yes, we gather here in sorrow
From every stage in life.
To do honer to the here
Of a long, unequal surfa.

We do not mourn the cause we lost,
For God or lained it so.
Nor do we murmur naught against
The legion then our foe.
But we meurn our vanquished chieftain,
And bedew with tears his grave,
As we pay this humble tribute
To the bravest of the brave.

Erect upon his steed,
And reflect with admiration
On each noble word and deed
That characterized the life of him
We mourn as deat to-day,
But whose memory will linger
In a nation's heart alway.

He was brave, not alone in war Amid the cannon's roll, For to his early manfood lie did battle for his soul— Shook off the fetters of the world, And when the strife was done He had conquered every enemy; The victory he had won.

Standing forth in all the beauty

In the hour of tribulation, I devote my life to Thee."

is known on every hand;
From the home of the most exaited.
To the humblest in the land.
Its inducace on the battle-field.
Reached the dying soldier's heart,
Directing his soul to Heaven,
Robbing death of all its smart.

He would not go into a fight
Without the shield of prayer;
Nor did he torget his enemies
White doing battle there.
He boasted not of victory
When a battle he had won,
And when it turned against him
Said: "Lord, Thy will be done."

He would not atoop to trea hery
In this unequal fight.
But met and fought them bravely
in the strength of manhood's might.
And when at Appointates
He yielded up his aword
Bis heart bled for his country.
But his trust was in the Lord.

When his mortal life was ended,
When his labor here was done,
He girded his immortal armor en
And marched triumphant to his

wreath of olive bound by a scarf on opposite folds of which are "Mexico-Appomattox." the beginning and the end of General Lee's military career. On other folds are the dat-s of his birth and death.

Veterans with Historic Flags.

A delegation from the Confederate Survivors' Association of Augusta, Ga., arrived on the 3:30 train yesterday afternoon bringing with them the colors of their association, which is the battle flag of Cobb's Ga., Legion that was carried gallantly at Williamsport, Md, Little Washington, Barber's Cross-Roeds, Brandy Station, Sharpsburg, Frederick City, Burkettsville, Cold Harbor, Raccoon Ford, Stevensburg, Jack's Shop, Upperville, Hunterstown, Gettysburg, Culpeper Courthouse, and Spotsylvania Courthouse.

"Here's Your Mule."
The Maryland Division. Confederate Veterans, will carry in line, if permitted, a banner with the inscription: "Here's Your Mule. Company C, Fourth Division, Point Lookout." Their object is to meet all old comrades, have a hand-shake, and talk old times over. As this inscription was on most of the tentsof that division, old members will recognize former comrades even if years have somewhat changed their appearance.

Richmond Opens Her Hearts and Homes The members of the General Assembly of Fireinia who may be in the city will meet in the Senate chamber at the Capitol to-day red for the members in a body, will be distributed by Colonel J. Beil Big-lerk of the House of Delegates. There large number of legislators in the

The survivors of Corse's brigade met in the Chancery-Court room last night and Captain C. Williams presided.

It was decided to organize the veterans into companies and a regiment and to march in the parade in battle order.

North Carolina Veterans.

resident North Caromae.

erans' Association.

Governor Gordon's Escort.

Governor Gordon will be followed in the procession to day by members of his staff, all of whose names, except that of Colonel C. M. Harper, were published in the Disputch of yesterday. His special escort, the Governor's Horse Guard. of Atlanta, commanded by Captain John A. Miller, will come next. This is one of the finest cavelry troops in the South. Next to this company comes the Georgia yeterans of the Confederate army.

Mr. F. C. Weisiger, of Columbus, Ga., is on a visit to his son, J. B. Weisiger, at 615 north Tenth street. Order to March to Be Given UNVEILING OF THE STATUE.

DINNER FOR ALL.

are guests of Herbert A. Claiborne, Esq., 609 west Grace. Miss Lelia Owen, of Prince Edward

command the North Carolina veterans today, came in last night.

Mayor Bryan, of Charleston, S. C., is the
guest of Mr. F. T. Glascow
Mrs. G. W. Smith, of Faris, Tex.; Miss
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Mrs. G. W. Smith, of Faris, Tex.; Miss
Mayor P. Root, of Houston, Tex.; Miss
Grace Wardon, of Winchestor, Va.; and
Miss Mary Grimsley, of Culpeper, Va., are
the guests of Miss Ida Bowers, 907 Floyd
avenue,
Judge A. M. Aiken and C. G. Holland,
Judge A. M. Aiken and C. G. Holland,

Many Generals Here, and One or Two Governors and Staffs.

STREAM TOWNS AND TOWNS AND

battery, now of Winchester, and Bugler W. R. Burgess, of the same company, are in the city.

Mr. Nathaniel C. Crenshaw, of Philadelphia, eldest son of the late John B. Crenshaw, of this city, with his wife and hermother, are in the city, the guests of Mr. James H. Crenshaw.

Captain and Mrs. Robert S. Elam, of Suffolk, Va., are the guests of Dr. Boswell, No. 1603 east Marshall.

All visiting and resident old cadets of the Virginia Military Institute who participated in the battle of New Market will meet at the office of C. H. Read, Jr., No. 12 north Ninth street, at 9:30 o'clock this morning to organize and take part in the procession.

The presentation of a flag to the New York veterans by Colonel Dickinson will take place this morning at 10 o'clock the promptly at 201 south Third street. The Stuart Horse Guards will be present as an escort of the veterans.

Mrs. Dr. Charles E. Johnson, Mrs. Dr. P. E. Hines, and S. I. Johnson, Esq., of Raleigh, N. C., are the guests of Mrs. J. I. McRee, 100 north Fourth street, late of Raleigh.

Among the Buckeye visitors are J. Finley and treasurer of the Southern Pacific system.

The adjutant, E. I. Kursheedt (the war adjutant), is a prominent business-man, for very sidentified with all progress.